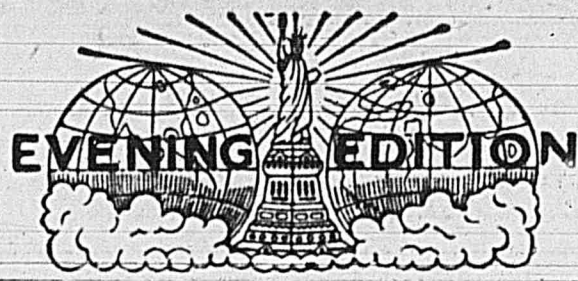


FINAL RESULTS EDITION

The



World.

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1907.

PRICE ONE CENT.

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EVELYN NESBIT THAW BREAKS DOWN AND WEEPS UNDER FIRE FROM JEROME

180 IN WRECK OF STEAMER, FEW SAVED FROM SEA

The Berlin, from England, Sinks Off Holland Coast in Great Gale.

SOME CLUNG TO WRECK

Survivors Sighted by Life Guards and Some Hope of Saving Them.

HOOK OF HOLLAND, Holland, Feb. 21.—(P. M.)—The aftermath of the steamer Berlin, wrecked here early today, with 180 persons aboard, did not slip into deep water, as the people on shore at first believed, but at this hour seems to be firmly imbedded in the sandbank.

There are still a few persons on board clinging to the wreckage, but it is impossible to reach them. The lifeboats this afternoon put out in an effort at rescue, but did not succeed in getting near the wreck. Thousands of persons line the shore watching the vessel going to pieces.

During high water, at the height of the storm, the waves shut off all view of the wreck, which led to the belief that no trace of the Berlin had been left. The receding tide, however, revealed the remains of her stern, with a handful of survivors.

The only person who thus far has succeeded in reaching the shore is Capt. Parkerton, of Belfast, Ireland. He is now in a high fever, as the result of his experience.

Thirty bodies have been recovered so far and five of them have been identified, as follows: A. Kruger, of The Hague; Lamotte, of Hamburg; Anderson, of Hamburg; Patrick, of Hamburg; a child of Patrick.

The bodies recovered also include five members of the crew of the wrecked steamer.

ROTTERDAM, Feb. 21.—A disastrous steamship wreck, attended with great loss of life, occurred to-day off the Hook of Holland, when the Great Eastern Railway Company's steamer Berlin, bound from Harwich to the Hook of Holland, was lost.

All on board, 180 persons, 120 of whom were passengers, were drowned, with the exception of a few who at noon to-day were sighted clinging to a part of the wreck. It was hoped those might be saved.

First reports said that the total number of persons aboard the steamer was 181, but later the agents of the Berlin declared that, although they were not positive regarding the number, they believed the vessel carried 180 passengers and a crew of 60 officers and men.

This wreck occurred off the north point of the Hook of Holland at 5 o'clock this morning, during a terrific south-westerly gale. The steamer struck the north jetty while trying to enter the new waterway at the Hook.

She broke in two forward and sank, while the passengers and crew gathered aft and vainly attempted to use the lifeboats.

Herr Benninger, a member of the German Opera Company, who has arrived here from London by way of Antwerp, says that thirty-five of his colleagues were on board the wrecked steamer Berlin. Benninger was too late to call on Benninger and came on the Antwerp boat.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—The Rotterdam mail steamer Berlin, from England, with 180 passengers and crew, was wrecked off the Hook of Holland, at the entrance of the River Maas, leading to Rotterdam, shortly before 6 o'clock this morning, and with few exceptions all on board perished.

Among the drowned are members of the German Opera Company, variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty-five, who had just finished their season at Covent Garden.

Arthur Herbert, one of the King's messengers, who was journeying to the Continent, was also lost.

FREED BY JURY, MRS. WALLAU IS AGAIN ARRESTED

Jurors Called by Coroner. Refuse to Hold Her for Mrs. Binge's Death.

NEW WARRANT SERVED.

Jerome's Assistant Offers to Have Her Released on \$50,000 Bail.

Although a Coroner's Jury absolved Mrs. Lottie Wallau of the charge of killing her mother to-day, the District Attorney had her re-arrested on a charge of murder. To further complicate the developments of this most remarkable case, the District Attorney suggested admitting the accused woman to bail. Later Mrs. Wallau was released on bail to appear next Thursday.

Of the twelve members of the Coroner's Jury eight agreed on the verdict that Mrs. Ida Binge died of natural causes. The others agreed that she died from menardial poison administered by persons unknown. When the verdict was rendered, Coroner Acritelli promptly discharged Mrs. Wallau.

Mrs. Wallau Rearrested. In the ante-room of the Coroner's office she was met by County Detective Jones, who told her that the District Attorney wanted her to remain in the building. Reardon escorted Mrs. Wallau, her husband and her son to a private room in the District Attorney's office, where luncheon was served.

Later she was arraigned in the private chambers of Centre street Police Court before Magistrate Finn, charged with killing her mother. The charge was made in affidavits signed by Reardon and Mr. Withaus. Magistrate Finn held her for the action of the Grand Jury, and set the date of the preliminary examination for Feb. 22.

While awaiting arraignment Mrs. Wallau's lawyers were approached by Assistant District Attorney Corrigan, who said that he wanted to be fair, and would consent to the release of the prisoner on bail. A maximum of \$50,000 was agreed upon, although Mrs. Wallau's friends said they would furnish \$2,000,000 if necessary. Mrs. Wallau was taken before Justice Gleicher and released on \$50,000 bail, furnished by J. Roebach, a leather merchant.

To Have Her Indicted. Carrying out his policy of taking the case of Mrs. Wallau to the Grand Jury, irrespective of any action on the part of the Coroner's Jury, Assistant District Attorney Corrigan abruptly closed the case of the State's witness, Elizabeth Devine and Florence Cleveland, to testify as witnesses for the defense.

Miss Devine's cross-examination was mainly devoted to probing her testimony. She was asked to state that she saw Mrs. Wallau take the cork from the bottle. She saw her remove the label and the cork, and saw her put the cork in the bottle. She saw her take the bottle to the sick-room and detected in the bottle particles of solid matter. She could not swear that Mrs. Wallau drew the cork.

Miss Cleveland, who had been a nurse for eleven years and was once superintendent of a hospital, was called to attend Mrs. Binge on the night of Jan. 28. By direction of Mrs. Wallau she gave the patient a tablespoonful of wine at midnight.

Q. What was the effect of the wine? A. Mrs. Binge vomited and retched. She begged me for cracked ice in quantities. At first I did not suspect that there was anything wrong with the wine, which was in a bottle on the window sill of the bathroom.

Q. Did you give her any more? A. Two hours later I gave her a teaspoonful. She vomited again and said her mouth and throat as if on fire. I became suspicious then, and about an hour later I took some of the wine. I made me very ill. The next day I took some of the wine to Dr. Austen for analysis and he found a heavy percentage of mercury in it.

Mr. Stanchfield asked the witness if Mrs. Binge died of the wine. Miss Cleveland replied that they appeared to be.

INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE FILES VOTE FIGURES.

ALBANY, Feb. 21.—The Independence League to-day filed with the Secretary of State verified statements from each county showing that the league received at the last election more than the 10,000 votes necessary to secure a place on the official ballot and to hold primary elections.

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Forces Her to Tell Minutely Her Relations with Stanford White, and at Last She Bursts Into a Torrent of Sobs.

DRAMATIC SCENE IN COURT AS SHE BREAKS DOWN.

Prosecutor Draws Out that She Visited the "Dead Rat" in Paris—Her Brother Announces that He Will Not Testify Against Her.

The news that Evelyn Thaw had been on the stand and that she had been made to weep spread during the recess for lunch in the trial, to-day, and when the afternoon session was about to begin there came to the court a crowd of morbid-mad men, who almost lifted the outer doors off the hinges. They were worse than any women would have been—worse and hungrier for the fattening feast of sensation.

Long before the jury and the prisoner got back there were two men seated where only one had been planted before, and two dozen of these gay boys, ranging in age from forty to seventy, stood at the rear hoping against hope that somebody would become nauseated and retire so that they might sit down.

The District Attorney led off by calling the Court's attention to the fact that two important witnesses were in town. He said they should be called now, as they were about to leave the State, in which case they could not be brought back. They were, he said, Drs. Bingham and Deemar, the Thaw family physicians from Pennsylvania. Both had testified directly, and the prosecutor had the fear that they would get away before he grilled them. He said he expected to have them on the stand under fire for a day and a half.

The Court, however, exhibited no disposition to break up the order of testimony. The physicians were sent for in order that they might tell whether or not they desired to slip away before the District Attorney quizzed them.

EXPERT ON THE STAND.

Dr. Deemar took the stand. He explained that he had a practice in Pittsburgh, which demanded his attention and that there was sickness in his family. Justice Fitzgerald was pretty brusque in his rulings.

"This Court does not intend," he said, shaking his heavy head at the District Attorney, "to force any particular order of testimony, nor does it care to work any hardship on these gentlemen. I will sit tomorrow, which is a holiday, and if necessary I will sit Saturday in order that the testimony of these two physicians may be heard. In the meanwhile they must remain in the jurisdiction of this Court."

The lawyers for the defense grew suspicious of Jerome's latest switch. They scented a possible trap to bring out proofs to favor Thaw's present insanity with a view to having a commission in lunacy appointed. He agreed to postpone their examination for the time being.

The Court at the close of the late session decided to adjourn the trial until next Monday morning.

DRIVEN TO TEARS AT LAST.

District Attorney Jerome got nothing out of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in the early session except tears. He could not tear down the story she has told on the stand in her husband's trial for murder. So, dint of merciless badgering, by pressing demands for all the smaller hideous details of her alleged wrong at the hands of Stanford White, he at length forced her into an outburst of sobs.

For tenseness and for tragedy it was the biggest moment of this big, tense, tragic trial.

All morning he dug away with prying, pitiless hands at the very foundation of the young wife's shame, doing his lawyer-like best to rack down the fabric of her tale which is Harry Thaw's bulwark of defense. He didn't succeed—not for a minute did he come anywhere near succeeding. In the minor shadings and turns of the serpentine inquiry Evelyn Thaw held her own with him well, parrying his questions with seemingly candid answers, having about them every element of innocence, yet such answers were they that Jerome found himself not balked, but actually checkmated.

BROTHER NOW FAVORS EVELYN.

The pathetic story told by Evelyn Nesbit Thaw on the witness stand has won over her brother Howard.

In a statement made to an Evening World reporter to-day, Howard Nesbit said:

"Much has been said and much has been written about what I am going to do if I am called to the witness stand in the trial of Harry Thaw, but you can say for me, through your paper, that if I take the stand I will not say anything to hurt or injure my sister or against her."

CONFIDENT AT THE START.

Mrs. Thaw as she came to the witness chair seemed even more confident than when she faced the first real stress of the ordeal yesterday. She had wrestled with Jerome, her wits against his, her air of sincerity against his front of intimidation, her faulty memory against his unappeasable curiosity—and she had not suffered.

Doorman Owens, sturdy and watchful as he is, was helpless against

Picture of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw Taken from the London Sketch



the first line of human breakers that drove against the portals of the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, where Harry Thaw is on trial for the murder of Stanford White.

OVERWHELMED THE DOORKEEPER.

Owens got pocketed in a corner and had to beg permission to breathe until Sergt. Kelleher and a flying squadron of six-footers came to his rescue and hauled the curiously eager men out by the neck, passing them firmly—blue pass or no blue pass—and swiftly into the wider area of the rotunda.

Sergt. Kelleher, who is considered the handsomest six-footer in the department, got at the head of the line and passed the eligibles in one by one until all the seats in the court-room were filled. Then there remained about three hundred with pulls and passes who danced up and down in a rage threatening to break every policeman in the court-house, impeach the Court and have the District Attorney put in irons for the remainder of his life. They wouldn't be soothed and as their clamor became annoying, they were driven like a flock of New Mexican goats from the building. There was not a woman in the crowd.

The representative of a Paris newspaper was among the crowd that sought admission to the Thaw trial to-day. He got as far as the outer policeman line, when he was stopped. Then he produced his credentials.

"Take that to No. 300 Mulberry street," a policeman told him, "and there you will get a card which we will recognize and then you take your chances at the door."

OWENS, POTENTATE OF CENTRE STREET.

"But I must get in now," persisted the journalist. "I have interviewed the President of France, the Czar, the Pope."

"But you've never interviewed Jimmy Owens, the man at the door," interrupted the cop knowingly, "so you'd better do as I tell you."

Thaw looked as if he might have been combing his hair with a knife

"Replies that Result in Business!"

STROHM & CO., REAL ESTATE BROKERS, 429 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1907.

THE WORLD, PARK ROW, CITY: Gentlemen—Unsolicited we wish to say that we have advertised in your paper every week City, Farm and Suburban properties, and would say that we have had more replies from your paper than from any of the others. Replies that result in business. Results are what we are looking for, and in the future we intend using your columns more heavily. Yours very truly, STROHM & CO.

Witness Tells About White's "Fatherly Way" of Stroking the Hair of Little Girls Just as He Did to Her.

LAWYER HARTRIDGE IS CALLED TO THE STAND

Prosecution Attempts to Make Him Produce a Letter Given to Him by Mrs. Thaw, but He Declines to Surrender It.

and fork as he came into the rear corridor. The stiff scalp-lock at the top of his skull stood out stiff and straight. His tie was badly knotted, but evidently nervousness had not been responsible for his toilet, since he seemed entirely at his ease as he found his customary place.

District Attorney Jerome at once double back in his cross-examination and brought up again one letter bearing Evelyn's signature that she had written to the Mercantile Trust Company for the \$25 a week allowance which Stanford White had arranged for her in the spring of 1902 after she and her mother had moved to the Wellington. He could make no headway in this direction.

"As I told you yesterday," she answered him, "it looks like my writing, but it doesn't sound like me. For example, this receipt says 'Friday coming.' I think I would have said 'next Friday.' But I won't be sure. I may have written this note."

VISITED A PARIS RESORT.

Jerome next read from the witness's direct testimony, in which she had said that when White told her all women were bad she had believed him. Mr. Jerome read along for several minutes, and then asked: "Do you know a place called the Dead Rat in Paris?"

"Yes." This was a Paris resort she had visited with Thaw. "Did you consider it a reputable resort?" asked the District Attorney, acoustically.

"Why, yes," returned the witness. "I think it was all right." "Did you see some dancing there?"

"Yes, I think there was a Russian dance." "Were there not some other kinds of dances?"

"Not that I recall." Mrs. Thaw said she had only gone to the Dead Rat once, in the company of her husband and one of the Shuberts. She was certain about the Russian dances she saw, but she couldn't be sure about the other things.

"The place seemed to be perfectly reputable," she added. "There were other women sitting at the tables."

"Did you see a cakewalk at the Dead Rat?" pursued Mr. Jerome. "I don't remember."

"Didn't you see the 'unch' from the Tenderloin there?" "WONDERS WHAT THE 'BUNCH' IS."

"What do you mean by the 'bunch'?" asked the witness ingenuously. "Don't you know what I mean by the 'bunch'—the people one sees often in the Tenderloin?"

"I may have seen some of them then, but I cannot remember very distinctly, as I was there only once."

"Did you see at the Dead Rat a certain woman whom I will name to you privately?" asked Mr. Jerome. "Hold on," said Mr. Delmas. "Let the learned District Attorney give the name of the mysterious lady."

"Very well," said Jerome. "I refer to a Miss Winchester. Do you know her?"

"Slightly," answered Evelyn Thaw. "Ah!" ejaculated Jerome in a tone of triumph. "Well, then, did you see Miss Winchester doing a cakewalk at the Dead Rat?"

"I don't remember." "When you and Mr. Thaw were in Paris, did you write joint letters to your friends?"

"We may have. I do not recall very distinctly." "Did you change your opinion in regard to the chastity of all women before you went to the 'Dead Rat' in 1903?"

"I had." "When had you changed your opinion?"

"Almost immediately after my long talk with Mr. Thaw following his proposal in Paris to me."

"When was the exact time of the first proposal?" "I really can't say. I don't know. It was before I left Paris—it must have been in the summer."

"Well, then, up until the time when he offered his hand to you in marriage, had you believed there was nothing wrong in the relations between men and women?"

SHE KNEW WHAT WAS WRONG.

"I knew it was wrong. Oh, yes, I knew that—I knew from what I heard the girls say in the theatre."

"Would you say that up until 1903 you merely esteemed them as vulgar and indelicate?"

"I would say that I thought them wrong." "Had you ever had any religious instruction?"

"No—none at all." "And you were then more than eighteen years old?"

"Yes—over eighteen." "Did you believe in the existence of a Divine Being?"

Mrs. Thaw hesitated a moment and pursed her lips in a pout of perplexity. Then she replied with slow emphasis:

"I couldn't say whether I did or not."

"Did you begin then to appreciate the terrible wrong you say Stanford White did to you?"

"I had in a way—in a way, but I saw it all better after Thaw proposed to me and we talked it all over. I know better now how wrong I was treated, but all along I realized something of it."

JEROME'S WICKED SNEER.

"And it was because of the awful act of Stanford White that you made your sublime renunciation of Mr. Thaw's love?" pressed Jerome with a grin that split his face into two derisive segments and showed his long eye teeth. "I protest," cried out Delmas. "I protest against the sneering tone and expression of the District Attorney. If he is sincere in his attitude I have no objection to his manner; otherwise I have."

"I am sincere," said Jerome, but thereafter he wiped the terrier grin off his face.

"Did you not feel in Paris in 1902 that it was because of this terrible